A

BALLAD

In Honour of the preſent REGENCY.

THO' Great *George* be gone o'er, yet to ſhew his Love [to us,
Still by *Deputy Kings* his own Cares do purſue us,
Leſt *Papiſts*, or *Jacks*, or *worſe Folks* ſhould undoe us,
Which no Body can deny

Th' *Arch-Biſhop* comes firſt, for the Grace of the Matter,
And who ſays the *Whigs* wou'd our Clergy beſpatter,
When they join his good *Grace* with the *Twelve* that come [after?
Which, &c.

So famous for Juſtice great *Parker*'s been long ſince,
That to doubt of our Safety in his Hands were Nonſenſe,
For he'll ſcarce keep us worſe than he keeps the King's [Conſcience.
Which, &c.

The politick Dukes of *Kingſton* and *Kent*,
With *Newcaſtle* are join'd in this new *Government*;
And where theſe *Three* are met, they all Plots will prevent.
Which, &c.

‡There's the poor *Faithful Duke*, on whom *Fortune* [don't ſmile,
And *Campbell* who'll guard the North Part of our Iſle,
If the Duke of *Greenwich* don't prove an *Argyle*.
Which, &c.

From wild *Iriſh Papiſts* while *Bolton* ſecure's us,
From Danger of *Highlanders*, *Roxbro'* inſures us,
And *Berkley* take Care of our Coaſts he aſſures us.
Which, &c.

There's *Stanhope* ſo ſober and calm in debate,
And *Spencer* at th' Helm where his Father once ſate,
Whole Steps if he follows, he'll ſettle the State.
Which, &c

Young *Craggs* for his own and his Family's worth,
To this lofty Poſt is moſt juſtly call'd forth,
Since his Virtues do almoſt exceed his high Birth.
Which, &c.

One *Regent* may give a whole Kingdom the Spleen,
As our Neighbours in *France* to their Sorrows have ſeen,
But we can fear nought from our glorious *Thirteen*.
Which, &c.

While thus in the Praiſe of our *Regents* we ſing,
Leſt our Loyalty any in Queſtion ſhould bring,
We muſt heartily pray God would ſend home our King.
Which no Body can deny.

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‡ *Fidelis ſed infortunatus*, is the Duke of *Marlbro*'s Motto.